

The Tartan



Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada

Volume II, No. 13

Wylie and Mary McDougall, Founding Editors

Fall 1986

Directors Elect George E. McDougall

The directors of The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada elected George E. McDougall of Greenville, SC, as third president of the Society. The election of officers was held at the board's annual meeting July 11 in Linville, N.C.

George E. McDougall succeeds John A. McDougall of Atlanta, GA, who becomes board chairman. John McDowell Moore of Lexington, NC, was elected a vice president, and G. Simms McDowell, Jr. of Charleston, SC, and Frederick J. MacDougall of Milwaukee, WI, were re-elected vice presidents. Alan Miles MacDougall of Alexandria, NV, was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

The new president has been a member of the Society since 1965 and served as vice president 15 years. He is a graduate of the University of Alberta with a B.S.C. in civil engineering, and is former chairman of Daniel Construction Co., International, a subsidiary of Daniel International Corp.

He joined Daniel Construction Co. as a civil engineer in 1947. He was named chief engineer in 1960 and vice president in 1962. A key executive in Daniel's world-wide expansion initiated in 1964, he has served as group vice president of Daniel Construction Co., International, charged with all international projects in Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg, France, Spain, the United Kingdom, Ireland, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Brazil, the Far East and the Middle East.

A registered professional engineer, he has served as president, Daniel Construction International; vice chairman, Daniel International (Saudi Arabia, Ltd.); and director of Daniel International.

He is a director of South Carolina National Bank, Atlantic-Canadian Corp. and the Greenville Rotary.



George E. McDougall

Photo by Van Moore

West of Scotland Weather Marks Annual Gathering

By Alan M. MacDougall
Secretary-Treasurer

The first time I visited our Clan's homelands around Oban some 15 years ago, it was the dead of winter and I was amazed at the fierceness of the winds that blow off the Firth of Lorn into Oban. Another visit some years later in the summer convinced me that the ability to withstand high winds must be an inbred characteristic in our Lorn homeland. The 1986 gathering of the Clan MacDougall Society at Grandfather Mountain bore a less-than-vague resemblance to Oban in a gale.

When the Clan members gathered for the annual meeting of the Society on Friday afternoon, July 11, the weather was ideal. The warmth of the greetings extended to old friends and new was matched by the weather. John A. McDougall's last report as president and the announcement of the election of George E. McDougall from Greenville, SC, as our new president were highlights of the meeting.

John recounted the slow but steady growth of the Society during his tenure and noted that the Society's accomplishments matched the objectives put forth in the by-laws. He pointed with pride to the

See Clan Gathering, Pg.2, Col. 1



Cynthia and Malcolm MacDougall enjoy the Tartan Ball at Grandfather Mountain Highland Games this year.

...Clan Gathering

large numbers of Scottish Games which the Clan now sponsors and at the increase in visits of American and Canadian MacDougalls to Dunollie. George McDougall, who comes to his new tasks following his retirement from the leadership of the Daniels Corp. in Greenville after a brilliant career, also brings many years of experience in the organization of Scottish affairs. He was the founding president of the St. Andrew's Society of Upper South Carolina.

The annual cocktail party, although successfully held outdoors, was punctuated by lightning and the threat (realized during dinner, which was, thank goodness, indoors) of rain. The party and a performance by the Grandfather Mountain Highlanders pipe band under the direction of Clan Piper Pipemajor Harvey Ritch provided the backdrop for a live television broadcast which was beamed by satellite to Raleigh, NC. Ed MacDowell and I were interviewed by Raleigh television personality Bill Leslie.

The annual dinner followed in the Eseeola Lodge with a gourmet meal and good fellowship. The usual address to the Haggis rendered by G. Simms McDowell, Jr. was missed as Simms could not be with us. I am afraid that my version of the Burns suffered in comparison.

A highlight of the dinner was the announcement, clearly a surprise, of awarding the A. Wylie McDougall Memorial Award to Society Librarian and Book editor Nancy W-McD. Van Valkenburg of Huntsville, AL. Nancy was cited for her hard work for the Clan Society and for her leadership activities in her community.

The evening closed with a travelog through MacDougall country by Walter M. MacDougall. Walter combined his gift for oratory with his masterful skill with a camera to capture both the beauty and the traditions of our homeland. He even managed to evoke the weather as the storm outside punctuated his remarks.

A large gathering of MacDougalls filled both of our tents at the Games to overflowing on Saturday and cheered on Clan Society member Tom Carmichael, who won the Professional Highland Athletics competition. When we arrived on McRae Meadow Sunday morning, it presented a disaster scene. Winds up to 100 miles an hour had been sweeping the area and the beautiful clan tents provided by Grandfather Mountain Highland Games Association had been damaged, blown down, and, in some cases, were flying through the air. Quick work on the part of the Games officials closed off the clan tent area and the tents were quickly removed and the games went on without a hitch.

A large cheering squad took up positions on the spot where our tent had been and cheered on a large contingent of kilted and tartaned MacDougalls in the Parade of Tartans. The rest of the day went without a hitch as clansmen and women carried on, in spite of the loss of tents, and the Games came to a happy conclusion.

As Jeanne and I drove away from the mountain I thought of the many of you with whom we communicate each year and how we would like to meet you and share the marvelous experience of our annual MacDougall gathering with you. Please come next year.

First Impressions

By Cynthia Johnson MacDougall

Arriving in Linville on Friday afternoon, we proceeded to the annual meeting of the MacDougall Clan Society. At this time we met many of the Clan members and their delightful families. The many colorful personalities of the Clan MacDougall became apparent within the first few minutes of the meeting. The time passed quickly as upcoming plans and events were discussed.

Upon our arrival at Linville, Malcolm and I had wondered if we would feel like outsiders. By the time the meeting had adjourned, we were speaking of the upcoming events with as much anticipation and enthusiasm as the oldest member.

The dinner Friday night proved to be a delightful undertaking. We had the opportunity to meet many people and were made to feel as if we were dear friends. The companionship and camaraderie of the MacDougall Clan was a blessing to see.

I must admit, a bit reluctantly, that I did not try the Haggis Pudding; perhaps next year (please don't hold me to that). After dinner, Walter MacDougall shared his wonderful slides of Scotland. Many a MacDougall watched with a wistful eye as we took a trip to the Land of Lorn — home of our ancestors — birthplace of our heritage.

Saturday morning bright and early, we headed up Grandfather Mountain for the Highland Games. Never have I seen so many tartans. I was in awe as we made our way to the Clan MacDougall tent. The pride in one's heritage was apparent on every man, woman and child's face. From the pipers to the caber tossers — from the Scottish dancers to the sheaf throwers, the events were breathtakingly captivating. I wanted to run out and take Scottish dance lessons and Malcolm spoke incessantly of running in next year's races.

By the time we were ready for the Tartan Ball, I didn't think there was much more one could experience. But when we arrived at the ball, once again I was speechless (and for those of you who remembered me, that doesn't happen often). The beauty of such a moment — the women dressed in their flattering gowns, the men in their tartan kilts and dress jackets — you had a feeling that this moment should go on forever.

As we went to sleep that night, the day's events raced through my mind. We had not only seen the Highland games, but we had truly become a part of the MacDougall Clan.

Although I am only a MacDougall by marriage, that does not lessen the degree of pride I take in seeing the MacDougall Tartan or hearing the MacDougall name. This is a feeling that was truly awakened at the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and I can only guess that others have felt this same stirring in their hearts on their first attendance at the games.

Again, we enjoyed this year's events immensely and look forward to seeing everyone at next year's games. May God bless each of you and hold you in his tender arms of care until we meet again.

Flowers of the Forest

The officers and directors of The Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada extend their sincere sympathies to the families of the following deceased kinspeople.

James MacDougall of Pittsburgh, PA.

Former Yuba County, CA, assessor **Glen Gillard McDougal**, died July 31 at his home in Marysville, CA. He was 78. A native of Minnesota, he had resided in the Yuba-Sutter area since 1930 and served three terms as county assessor until his retirement in 1978. He held a B.S. in agricultural economics from the University of Minnesota and had been a rancher.

Nashville Builder Is Society Keystone

(Editor's Note: To familiarize our growing membership with the officers of the Society, we plan to publish some of their genealogical background. We will start this feature with information provided by our high commissioner, John W. McDougall of Nashville, TN.)

By John W. McDougall

As is so often the case, I was well past middle age before I became interested in my ancestral background. My desire to learn more about my ancestors was such that in 1960 my wife and I made a trip to Scotland. With my grandfather's birth certificate in hand, I visited the Scots Ancestry and Research Society in Edinburgh.

With the certificate as a starter, they were able to trace my ancestors back as far as Thomas McDougall, born in 1676. It was customary to list the vocation of the male parent, when the birth of a child was recorded. Thomas McDougall was listed as a joiner (Scots for cabinetmaker) of Caverton. Caverton is a small town in the border country, 40 miles south of Edinburgh.

The next five generations were all listed in this same manner, all joiners of Caverton. The trade was passed on from father to son. We have now in our dining room a handsome china cabinet built by my great-grandfather. On a later trip to Scotland my wife and I visited Caverton and found the cottage where my ancestors had lived for five generations.

In the early 1840s there was a mass migration from Scotland. My grandfather and all members of his family migrated to Canada and settled in what is now Cambridge, Ontario. My father was born in Cambridge in 1865.

My mother's father was Robert Wylie, and her mother, Charlotte Armstrong. They were both born in Ayrshire, Scotland. Their village was just a few miles from Turnberry where the British Open Golf Tournament was held this year. They migrated to Ontario with their parents and settled in Toronto. My great-grandfather Armstrong was on the city commission, early in the history of Toronto.



John W. McDougall

When my father was 17, the romance of the western frontier beckoned, and with an uncle he left Ontario to homestead in Saskatchewan. In his second year in the west, in an unfortunate sawmill accident my father lost a hand. He returned to his Ontario home and family and lived there until 1888. In this year he was offered a position with the Illinois Central Railroad and he moved to New York City. On a visit to New York my mother met my father and they were married there in 1898. My twin brother and I were born in New York in 1900.

My father's position took us to several cities in the United States, including New Orleans, Indianapolis, and St. Paul. My brother and I finished our formal schooling at Upper Canada College in Toronto. We were in the Royal Air Force for a short time in the fall of 1918. Our next move was to join our parents in Birmingham, Alabama.

McDougall Brothers, Home Builders was my entry into the construction business and that business has been my life long endeavor. I was a sales engineer for the Southern Cement Co. for 13 years. It was this business that took me to Cincinnati where I met my wife, Betty. We were married there in 1934 and soon moved to make our home in Nashville, Tennessee. In a few years I had established my own firm. Now our two sons, John W., Jr. and A. Wylie McDougall are managing the John W. McDougall Company. In 1988 we will celebrate the 50th anniversary of our company. We are architectural and industrial sheet metal contractors and sales agents for many building products.

In addition to our sons, Betty and I have a daughter, Allison McDougall Estes, and five grandchildren.



John W. McDougall is caught in animated conversation with Walter M. Macdougall at Grandfather Mountain Games.

Clanspeople On the Go



Beverly MacDougall, wife of **Francis "Rocky" MacDougall**, and a member of the Antigonish Chapter of the Clan MacDougall Society, recently was presented the coveted Peter C. Campbell Award by the Canadian Diabetic Association. The annual award goes to the Canadian citizen who has rendered outstanding service to the association.

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Dr. Robert A. MacDougall of Plainfield, IN, is a charter member of the Scottish Society of Indianapolis and has agreed to represent the Clan MacDougall on the council of the Indianapolis Society's Assembly of Scottish Clans. He is a great-grandson of **Marshall Prescott MacDougall**, who came to Kent County, Michigan, north of Grand Rapids, in 1870 from Fulton County, New York. About 50 descendants of **Marshall Prescott MacDougall** gathered at a family reunion in Kent City, MI, on June 28. Six of eight cousins in **Robert MacDougall's** line attended. All were descended from Marshall's oldest child, **Sanford Marshall MacDougall**.

Marshall's only other son was **Bruce**. And it was Bruce's son, **Leonard "Bill" MacDougall**, who organized the reunion.

★ ★ ★

Last April **Frank G. MacDougall** was appointed president and chief operating officer of Lowell Institution for Savings in Lowell, MA. He joined the bank in March 1985 as executive vice president, leaving the position of senior vice president at First Bank and Trust Co. in Chelmsford.

MacDougall is credited with increasing the institution's commercial loan portfolio from \$10 million to \$25 million in one year. He also is president of the Lowell Development and Financial Corp.

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Richard T. "Dick" MacDougall of Mendon, MA, writes that he married **Elizabeth B. Heim** on June 16. The ceremony was in Franklin Federated Church in Franklin, MA.

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And there were some busy times during July and August for **Howard** and **Marjorie MacDougall** of Charleston, SC. On July 5 their oldest son, **David**, married **Janice Carpenter** in Calvary Lutheran Church, Charleston. Then on Aug. 9 their daughter, **Joyce** was married to **Jeffrey Schrank** in St. Michael Lutheran Church, Fort Wayne, IN.

Jeff and Joyce are now living in Chicago, where Jeff has started his vicarage. He will complete his studies at Concordia Seminary at Fort Wayne in 1988.

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Hugh C. MacDougall has retired from the State Department's Foreign Service. He and his wife, **Eleanor** have moved to Cooperstown, NY.

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One of the newest members of the Society, **Lois E. Waldo** of Everett, WA, provided a rather extensive genealogical report with her application. She also included a nursery rhyme which she recalls being sung by her mother, and asks, "The last two couplets may be somehow mixed up... If anyone knows the correct wording I would appreciate having it sent to me." Her address is: 1926 W. Casino

Rd. #F103, Everett, WA. 98204. Here is the rhyme she remembers:

*There once was a snake who lived in Skye
over the misty sea-o,
Who lived on nothing but gooseberry pie
for breakfast, dinner and tea-o.*

*If gooseberry pie were not to be had
over the misty sea-o,
The snake would shout and wriggle about
over the misty sea-o,
The snake had often to do without
his breakfast, dinner and tea-o.
If gooseberry pie were not to be had
over the misty sea-o,
He'd writhe and twist like an eel gone mad
or a worm just stung by a bee-o.*

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Congratulations to Army Captain **Arthur C. Macdougall**, son of **Walter M.** and **Judy Macdougall** of Milo, ME, who has been designated Radio Officer for the 30th Infantry Division and recently received the Army Commendation Medal. He had been a battalion signal officer before moving to the division assignment. It was his fourth medal, including one with an oak leaf cluster.

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Anyone ever hear of the MacDougall Regatta? Well, it's one of Middle Tennessee's oldest sailing regattas, started in 1968. And it is named for thistle skipper **John W. MacDougall**, high commissioner of Clan MacDougall. He was instrumental in organizing and promoting sailing in Nashville. The Harbor Island Yacht Club inaugurated its fall sailing schedule with the MacDougall Regatta on Aug. 30-31 and Sept. 6-7.

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Yale Law School honored **Myres S. MacDougall**, '31 JSD, at the annual alumni weekend dinner Oct. 24 in observance of his 80th birthday celebration. MacDougall is Sterling Professor Emeritus at the school.

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MacDougalls got some unexpected notoriety last July when federal investigators identified the video pirate "Captain Midnight" as a John R. MacDougall of Jacksonville, FL.

Dunollie Castle Wall Plaque Awaits OK of Monument Board

Our chief, Madam MacDougall of MacDougall, has applied to the Scottish Board of Monuments for permission to erect a plaque on the wall of Dunollie Castle.

John W. MacDougall, high commissioner of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada and executive director of the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation, reports that as soon as the board approves the application the Foundation will proceed with the project to provide the cast aluminum plaque containing a short history of Dunollie Castle.

The history was written by Walter M. Macdougall, former editor of *The Tartan* and author of *Journeying in MacDougall Country*. The brief story which will appear on the plaque was published in the Spring issue of *The Tartan*. However, there was an error in the fourth paragraph of the copy. It should read:

Dunollie was besieged by Cromwellian troops in 1647 and was again attacked following the Rising of 1715 when the castle was bravely defended by Mary MacDougall of Sleat, wife of exiled Iain Ciar, 22nd Chief of Clan MacDougall.

The Foundation continues to encourage members to make tax-free contributions to the Foundation. The executive director notes that several substantial contributions were received at the annual meeting in Linville.

Roster of New Members

In the first six months of 1986, a total of 17 names were added to the membership roster of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. In an effort to let all the members know who has joined the Society, we are publishing their names and addresses. Who knows? Some of them might be your neighbors and you can be sure and welcome them.

Mrs. Iva S. Sproat
3120 Independence St.
Cape Girardeau, MO 63701

Malcolm A. Macdougall
300 Beech St. E-2
Bristol, VA 24201

Mrs. George E. Vickery
7814 Windcombe Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46240

Martha McDougale Keys
3 Davenport Ave. 2-E
New Rochelle, NY 10805

Mrs. Malcolm H. Liles
3507 Grayswood Ave.
Nashville, TN 37215

Gordon James Duguid
714 Johnstown Rd.
Beckley, WV 25801

Jean Ashley
2466 Brookview
St. Paul, MN 55119

Fuller M. Carmichael
Box 1075
Cullowhee, NC 28273

William C. McDougal, Jr.
184 Banks Road
Fayetteville, GA 30214

James A. MacDougall
9 Orange St.
Roslindale, MA 02131

Mrs. Lois E. Waldo
1926 W. Casino #F103
Everett, WA 98204

Dr. Holt A. McDowell, Jr.
2757 11th Ave. So.
Birmingham, AL 35205

Nathaniel E. McDougall
12 Irving St.
Belmont, MA 02178

Luther W. McDougall
136 Wessington Pl.
Hendersonville, TN 37075

Mrs. E. Gardner Mann
5 Cannonball Ct.
Greensboro, NC 27408

Shirley W. McDougale
Rt. 2 Box 139
Waterford, OH 45786

Danny E. McDougal
133 Meadowbrook Ct.
Bowling Green, KY 42101



Awaiting opening ceremonies at the Charleston Scottish Games and Highland Gathering are (from left) George E. and Barbara MacDougall, Howard W. MacDougall, Irene Stancik and Janice MacDougall. Matthew Stancik carried our Tartan. Marjorie J. MacDougall was behind the camera.

Society President, Wife Visit Games in Charleston

By Howard W. MacDougall

For the first time in its 15 years, the Charleston Scottish Games and Highland Gathering was held at a site other than Middleton Place Gardens. But from all reports, the move to a new location at Exchange Park Fairgrounds, about 20 miles northwest of the city, proved successful.

See Charleston Games, Pg. 8, Col. 1

President's Report

The Clan MacDougall Society continues to prosper and grow with the addition of 12 new members, giving a total membership now of 1,118.

We are especially pleased with the enthusiasm and activities of the Canadian Chapters and plan to visit next year. We now have representation at the Scottish Games held at Charleston, SC; Stone Mountain, GA; Orlando, FL; in Virginia, Kentucky, Fergus, Ont; Sarnia, Ont; Antigonish, N.S. and many others — and of course the Grandfather Mountain Highland Games at Linville, NC, site of our annual meeting.

We thank all participants for their dedication and enthusiasm in promoting the Society goals at these gatherings. All members are encouraged to organize a Clan MacDougall Tent at the gathering in your region of the country. For additional information, please write the president or secretary of the Society.

Under the leadership of our founder and High Commissioner, John W. MacDougall, we have formed the Clan MacDougall Society Foundation to preserve our heritage, to provide scholarships and to sponsor Scottish Games and Festivals. Your gifts to this worthwhile endeavor are solicited and are tax deductible.

Recently, your president and his wife, Barbara, had the pleasure of attending the Charleston Games. We enjoyed the opening ceremonies and joined in the singing of "God Save the Queen," "O Canada," and "The Star Spangled Banner." What a thrill it was to participate in the Parade of Tartans with the massed bands!

I look forward to visiting with you at future gatherings of the Clan and at our next meeting in Linville.

Society President



Fifty-three, count'em, 53 members of the Milwaukee, WI, MacDougalls attended a reunion last June at Lake Delevan, WI. The gathering consisted of Fred J. MacDougall's five sons and their families, and the five sons of Fred's late brother, Dan, and their families. The MacDougalls came from Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Massachusetts as well as Wisconsin.

Highland Games Abound In Province of Ontario

By Marjorie McLeod
Secretary, Ontario Chapter

In Ontario there are Highland Games somewhere in the province nearly every Saturday from the beginning of June until the end of August. Last year the Ontario Chapter of Clan MacDougall had an information desk at five of the games and were represented at the rest by the Clans and Scottish Societies.

Every year a number of cities in Ontario hold what some call a Festival of Countries. Some 50 countries are represented in pavilions in various points of the city where their culture is displayed by handicrafts, food and dancing. Two, which are three-day weekend events, have invited CASSOC to be a part of the Scottish Pavilion. People arrive by the busload, and by the end of the weekend about 10,000 to 15,000 people pass our desk. Needless to say, many MacDougalls are included.

Both of these activities give us an opportunity to meet and chat with MacDougalls and tell them about our Society. We consider it is worthwhile to participate, and are doing the same this year.

June 8, 1986, our Clan was part of the parade from Queen's Park to the beautiful, historic St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church for the Kirkin' o' the Tartan. One of the honoured guests was the former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Pauline McGibbon, who is also one of our patrons. She took the salute during the march past following the service.

Last November we held a "pot luck supper" and a ceilidh at one of the local high schools. It was a pleasure to have Suzanne McDougall and Dan Eisaman from Michigan as our guests. Dan brought his pipes and we enjoyed his music. We had met Suzanne at the Sarnia Highland Games last summer.

Our membership for last year was as follows:

Family memberships in U.S. & Canadian Society — 21

Family memberships in Ontario Chapter only — 14

Total — 35

Memberships have stayed at that figure for several years. Like all societies, we lose some and gain some. The society is not very affluent. On the average there is a 30% difference in our two currencies plus bank charges on all monies sent down. However our executive considers it would be very unwise to attempt to raise our fees at present.



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Message From Our Chief



The following message from our chief, Coline H.E. MacDougall of MacDougall, was read at the Society's annual meeting July 11 at Linville, NC:

Dunollie Castle
Oban, Argyle

Dear Clan Society,

I picture you all sitting round the tables at the Linville meeting and how I wish I could be with you. I would have loved to see Walter's pictures.

To me the highlight of 1985 was the visit we had from John and Betty. It was wonderful to see them again looking so well in spite of a very difficult journey.

The Society is to be congratulated on reaching 1,000 members, and on the Foundation. I am delighted to hear of the piping scholarship. The music of the piper and drums is very dear to me, and I never tire of listening to it. I remember when I was young watching the Aldershot Tattoo which ended with the massed pipe bands marching away in the moonlight, over the arena and into the woods playing "My Home." An Englishman sitting next to me said, "What a horrible noise," and I could have hit him.

I look forward to the Castle plaque and hope to get the Ancient Monuments peoples permission soon. But it always takes a long time to get an answer out of a Government Department.

We had a terrible winter after having no summer in '85. The sharpest frost anyone could remember, but we were luckier than England having no power cuts and very little snow except on the Mull Mountains. The frost did a lot of damage to shrubs and more was done by hungry Roe Deer. We have had to heighten the fences. Dunollie is not an easy house to keep warm during a cold winter.

I was disgusted to get a letter from a man in London saying he had a client who wanted to purchase a feudal barony, was Dunollie one? If so, his client would pay a good price for it. Feudal baronies have no power now and are simply an interesting historical name. They used to allow the holder to attend the Scots Parliament. It would be impossible to allow a stranger to go about calling himself Barony of Dunollie Castle. I am told baronies can be sold for a high price.

I realize more and more the valuable work the Clan Societies are doing and influence they can have on the very disturbed state of society all over the world. Broken homes, lack of discipline, drugs etc., are taking over from the home life we used to know, and the good roots of the clansmen and women. Their heritage of honesty, comradeship, and good sense, must help to form a better future generation.

I am always very impressed by the good manners and sense of purpose of the young Clan members who visit me. It is a great pleasure to be able to greet so many MacDougalls who visit Dunollie.

All good wishes for a happy gathering at Grandfather Mountain.

Coline MacDougall of MacDougall

Antigonish Chapter Elects

The 1986 officers of the Clan MacDougall Society, Antigonish (Nova Scotia) Chapter, are Shirley MacDougall Farrell, president, and Lucille Sanderson, secretary.

Bard Captures Hearts of Audience

(Editor's Note: Dora Ann Reaves is assistant copy desk chief for The Evening Post in Charleston, SC. She is a member of the Pater-son family and Clan MacLaren. She shared these thoughts after attending a performance of The Theatre Gael production of Rab, The Rhymer during Charleston's Piccolo Spoleto festival in late May.)

By Dora Ann Reaves

For anyone who learned "Scots What Hae" as a child at her grandfather's knee...

For anyone who can't forget the first time she heard "Tam O'Shanter" at a pub in Thurso, Scotland...

For anyone who even dimly recalled a dozen pages in English lit dedicated to the remarkable Scottish bard...

Robert Burns lived again in "Rab, the Rhymer."

In the Great Hall at the Old Exchange Building, the audience could quickly slip back a couple hundred years and believe this man with the sparkling eyes, ready tongue and charm enough for any man was indeed the poet Burns.

Here on a frame-hung, painted cloth, the audience saw the simple thatched cottage, and the cozy birthing bed tucked into a space in the wall near a fireplace. A map painted there too showed the cities and towns important in Burns life — Edinburgh and Alloway — and the county of Ayrshire.

Across the set was a wooden frame and thin mattress, that was expected to be his final bedding place. And between them — a table for his writing, a piano for his songs, a soldier's uniform for the possibilities he did not make of his life, and a jug for the exciseman to tax and the Scotsman to cherish.

In the first act, John Forrest Ferguson as "The Plowman Poet" of Ayrshire related how he began his life as a farmer's son. His love for the land, and the ladies, filled his heart. He grew up through hard times (life behind a plow at the age of 9, surely weakened his heart enough to hurry his death), and love loosed his tongue and he wrote of all he saw about him.

Burns' fears and loves and distaste of kirk hypocrisy were easily understandable through Ferguson's presentation. As he looked for ghosts and ghoulies under the bed, the audience sneaked a peek too. As he imaginatively took his lassies upon that bed, the audience laughed, with joy at his exuberance. And as he pantomimed church leaders over-righteousness and pomp, the audience saw reality as surely as Burns' pub-mates must have.

But, the "Plowman Poet" did not stay a simple, fun-loving soul. One of his "true" loves died and he left for Edinburgh to answer the call of promised fame. He could not leave behind the weakened heart, nor the whisky, nor his love of the simple life and distrust of pompous souls (of which cities have many).

In the second act, Burns was seen as a dandy with brocade vest and velvet coat, but he was still Burns, still seeing hypocrisy, still loving the ladies. His sojourn in Edinburgh only lasted two years.

When he returned to the west coast of Scotland, he wed for the last time. Bonnie Jean would bear him nine of the 13 children he is accredited. Now as the chest pains came close, the audience members too clutched their hearts. (Dr. Wallace, who was "prac-

ticing" medicine on Burns, perhaps hastened the poet's demise at 37 when he prescribed horseback riding and bathing in Scotland's chill waters.) If the audience did not love Burns before Ferguson's two-hour monologue, surely at least they understood more when it ended. Anger was felt when questions were raised about the patriotism and loyalty of the man who wrote "Scots What Hae." There was understanding of his pride as he finally wore the soldier's reserve uniform. And when his burial day arrived, the audience thought Burns would have had a sense of egotism in his wife's absence, she was giving birth to their ninth child. (She would name the child Wallace.)

Not to leave his audience with sadness, for surely the jovial Burns would have wanted singing despite his parting, Ferguson left the death bed for a final turn at the piano. This time he did not try to teach the audience to sing along (as he had closed the first act with "Green Grow the Rashes, O"). But rather, he hung another banner for the audience to read along, and the evening was closed with a rousing "Auld Lang Syne."



Dora Ann Reaves



George Macdougall is ready for the Parade of Tartans at the Maine Scottish Games.

Main Games Ignore Rain

Walter M. Macdougall reports from Milo, ME, that wet weather did not dampen the spirits at the Maine Scottish Festival in August.

He was surprised by the large number of McDowells among the clanspeople who stopped by the MacDougall tent. "Evidently there are more of this branch of the clan family living in Maine than I thought," he wrote.

Walter's son George carried the MacDougall Tartan in the Parade of Tartans, another example of the young people participating more in clan activities. Walter said he also was impressed with how glad our clanspeople seem to be to find their clan represented at the games and how anxiously Scots search for some solid clan connection.

...Charleston Games

More than 3,000 spectators and participants attended. And for the first time, the president of the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada and his wife were among the visitors.

George and Barbara McDougall made the trip from Greenville, SC, to Charleston in time for a stop at the Friday night sponsors' party on Sept. 19. Saturday morning they were at the fairgrounds to march with Marge and I and other Clan members in the Parade of Tartans during the opening ceremonies. Irene Stancik and her son Matthew joined us for the parade, as did our new daughter-in-law, Janice MacDougall of Charleston. Young Matthew was tapped to carry the Clan Tartan.

Another first at the games this year was presentation of a trophy for amateur grade II drumming in memory of Howard A. and Myrtle E. MacDougall. The trophy went to David McLaughlin of Goose Creek, SC.

Sunday morning, Marge and I again met George and Barbara at the Heritage Sunday service in First 'Scots' Presbyterian Church on Church Street in downtown Charleston. It was an enjoyable experience having them visit, and we look forward to seeing them often at the Charleston Games.

Irene Stancik, who lives in Goose Creek, was busy as usual directing the Scottish Country Dancing activities all day long. She was thrilled with the new site, which provided her with a huge open pavilion, or gazebo, for the dancers.

We mailed out nearly 50 flyers about the Charleston Scottish Society games to MacDougalls and McDowells in the Charleston area. And while the response was not as great as we had hoped, William A. McDowell of Charleston sent a copy of a tune he wrote titled "MacDougal's Lament." He noted that Bert Mitchell recorded it for him, but he has no plans to copyright it and offered it to other clan members. So, we are publishing it for him in this issue of *The Tartan*.

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Deadline for Spring issue: April 1

MacDougal's Lament

Slow MARCH

W. McDowell



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